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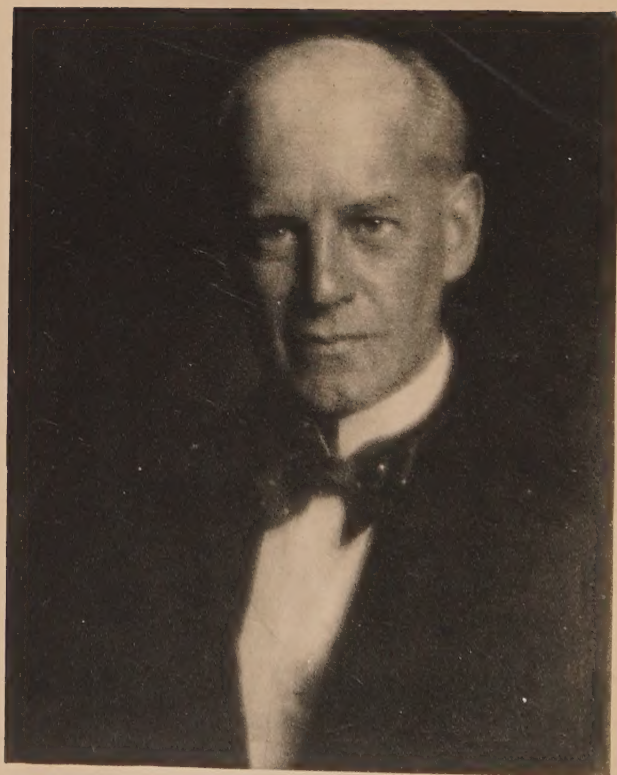


VERSES NEW AND OLD









W. F. S. S. S.



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# VERSES NEW AND OLD

by

JOHN GALSWORTHY



L O N D O N

WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD.

MCMXXVI

## PRELIMINARY NOTE

This little volume contains some very interesting  
facts about the life and character of a man  
whose name has long been known in England, and  
whose name has now become known in all the world.  
The book is written in a simple and straightforward  
manner, and will be read with interest by all.

Printed in England at  
The Westminster Press  
411a Harrow Road  
London, W.9

## PREFATORY NOTE

THIS little volume contains some verse selected from *Moods, Songs and Doggerels*, most of it revised; some verse that has appeared in periodicals, and some that has not yet appeared at all. It is issued by request and with every apology.

J. G.



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## DEDICATION

THINE is the solitude that rare flowers know,  
Whose face is slender aristocracy.  
And yet, of all that in the garden grow,  
None other has such sweet supremacy.  
For thine 's the oldest secret of the world:  
How to be loved, and still to keep apart—  
A lily blown, a bud not yet uncurled—  
Gold-fortuned I, whose very breath thou art!



# I

## COURAGE

C O U R A G E is but a word, and yet, of words,  
The only sentinel of permanence;  
The ruddy watch-fire of cold winter days,  
We steal its comfort, lift our weary swords,  
And on. For faith—without it—has no sense;  
And love to wind of doubt and tremor sways;  
And life for ever quaking marsh must tread.

Laws give it not; before it prayer will blush;  
Hope has it not; nor pride of being true;  
'Tis the mysterious soul which never yields,  
But hales us on to breast the rush  
Of all the fortunes we shall happen thro' ;  
And when Death calls across his shadowy fields—  
Dying, it answers: “ Here! I am not dead! ”

## II

### ERRANTRY

C O M E! Let us lay a crazy lance in rest,  
And tilt at windmills under a wild sky!  
For who would live so petty and unblest  
That dare not tilt at something ere he die,  
Rather than, screened by safe majority,  
Preserve his little life to little ends,  
And never raise a rebel battle-cry!

Ah! for the weapon wistful and sublime,  
Whose lifted point recks naught of woe or weal,  
Since Fate demands it shivered every time!  
When in the wildness of our charge we reel  
Men laugh indeed—the sweeter heavens smile,  
For all the world of fat prosperity  
Has not the value of that broken steel!

The strange far echo of our challenge cry  
Sets ringing all the bells of merriment,  
And yet another hidden bell that tolls  
A faint and wandering chime of sympathy  
Within the true cathedral of our souls—  
So, crystal-clear, the shepherd's homeward pipe  
From feasts his cynical soft sheep cajoles.



God save the pennon, ragged to the morn,  
That signals moon to stand, and sun to fly;  
And flutters when the weak is overborne  
To stem the tide of fate and certainty.  
That knows not reason, and that seeks no fame—  
But has engraven round its stubborn wood  
The words: “ Knight-Errant to Eternity!”

So! Undismayed beneath the serried clouds,  
Shall float the banner of forlorn defence—  
A jest to the complacency of crowds—  
But haloed with the one diviner sense:  
To hold itself as nothing to itself;  
And in the quest of the imagined star  
To lose all thought of after-recompense!

### III

#### THE PRAYER

I F on a Spring night I went by  
And God were standing there,  
What is the prayer that I would cry  
To Him? This is the prayer:  
    O Lord of Courage grave,  
    O Master of this night of Spring!  
    Make firm in me a heart too brave  
    To ask Thee anything!

## IV

### TIME

BENEATH this vast serene of sky  
Where worlds are but as mica dust,  
From age to age the wind goes by ;  
Unnumbered summer burns the grass.  
On granite rocks, at rest from strife,  
The aeons lie in lichen rust.  
Then what is man's so brittle life ?—  
The buzzing of the flies that pass!

## V

### ACCEPTATION

B L U E sky, grey stones, and the far sea,  
The lark's song trilling over me;  
Grey stones, blue sky, and the green weed—  
You have no sense that I can read;  
Nor on the wind's breath passing by  
Comes any meaning melody!  
Blue sky, grey stones, and the far sea,  
Lark's song, green weed, wind melody—  
*You are!* And must accepted be!

## VI

### THE DOWNS

O T H E Downs high to the cool sky;  
And the feel of the sun-warmed moss;  
And each cardoon, like a full moon,  
Fairy-spun of the thistle floss;  
And the beech grove, and a wood-dove,  
And the trail where the shepherds pass;  
And the lark's song, and the wind-song,  
And the scent of the parching grass!

## VII

### THE SEEDS OF LIGHT

O N C E of a mazy afternoon, beside a southern sea,  
I watched a shoal of sunny beams come swimming  
close to me.

Each like a whited candle-flame—left flickering in air;  
Each like a silver daffodil astonished to be there;  
Or like a diving summer star, its brightness come to  
lave;

Or e'en a little naked spirit leaping on the wave.

And while I sat, and while I dreamed, beside that  
summer sea,

There came the fairest thought of all that ever came  
to me:

The little lives of little men, no more they seemed to  
mean

Than one of those bright seeds of light sown on that  
water green;

No more they seemed, no less they seemed, than  
shimmerings of sky—

The sunny sudden smiles of God that glisten forth  
and die.



## VIII

### I ASK

My happy lime is gold with flowers;  
From noon to noon the breezes blow  
Their love pipes; and the wild bees beat  
Their drums and sack the blossom bowers . . .  
Yet, stifling in the valley heat,  
A woman's dying there below!

Between the blowing rose so red  
And honey-saffroned lily cup,  
Receiving heaven, so I lie! . . .  
But down the field a calf lies dead;  
At this same burning summer sky  
Its velvet darkened eye looks up.

\* \* \* \* \*

Behind the fairest masks of life  
Dwells ever that pale constant death.  
Philosophers! What shall we say?  
Must we keep wistful death to wife?  
Or hide her image quite away,  
And, wanton, draw forgetful breath?

## IX

### HIGHLAND SPRING

T H E R E ' S mating madness in the air,  
Passionate, grave. The blossoms burst;  
The burns run quick to lips athirst;  
And solemn gaze young maids heart-free.

The white clouds race, the sun rays flare  
And turn to gold the pallid mist;  
With greedy mouth the Spring has kissed  
The wind that links the sky with sea.

The blue and lonely mountains stare,  
And long to draw the blue above.  
The hour is come! O Flower of Love—  
I can no longer keep from thee!

## X

### OLD YEAR'S NIGHT

H o w fast the slim feet move!  
The fiddles whine, the reedy oboes toot;  
Lips whisper, eyes look love—  
And Old Year's dying underfoot!

\* \* \* \* \*

The moonlight floods the grass,  
The music's hushed, and all the festal din;  
The pale musicians pass,  
Each clasping close his violin.

## XI

### THE MOON AT DAWN

W H E N , at the dawn, the homeless breeze  
Creeps back to wake the sleeping trees,  
The moon steals down and no one sees!

Yes! in the morn, no watcher there,  
She turns a face, once angel fair,  
And smiles, as only harlots dare!

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw her once, the insatiate moon,  
Go stealing, coiffed with orange hood,  
From night, her lover, still in swoon—  
All wicked she, who once was good!

## XII

### SERENITY

T H E smiling sea  
And dunes and sky  
Dream; and the bee  
Goes dreaming by.

In heaven's field  
Moon's scimitar  
Is drawn to shield  
One dreaming star.

The dreaming flowers  
And lovers nod.  
Serene these hours—  
Serene is God.

## XIII

### NIGHTMARE

T H E R E fell a man in the heat,  
Out of the race he ran,  
Who knew too well he was not beat—  
O God! Was *I* that man?

## XIV

### LET

My love lived there! And now  
'Tis but a shell of brick,  
New-painted, flowered about—  
So far from being quick  
As night, when stars die out.

From windows gaily lit,  
Where once in curtained dark  
My heaven used to hide,  
The memories wan and stark  
Troop down to me outside.

## XV

### RHYME OF THE LAND AND SEA

By the side of me—the immortal Pan—  
Lies the sweetest thing of the sea;  
In her gown of brine,  
With her breast to mine,  
And her drowned dark hair lies she!

But her smile—like the wine-red, shadowy sea,  
When the day slides on and down—  
By the gods, it is tender death to me!  
In its waters dark I drown!

“ O slave of mine! Thou mystery  
Of smiling depths—I drown! ”



## XVI

### AUTUMN BY THE SEA

WE'LL hear the murmur of the swell,  
And touch the drift-wood gray,  
And with our quickened senses smell  
The sea-flowers all the day.

We'll watch the hills, the pastures brown,  
The trees of changing hue,  
Till evening's ice comes stealing down  
From those high fields of blue ;

And far the crimson Sun-god sails  
Away in sunset cloak ;  
And gentle heat's gold pathway fails  
In autumn's opal smoke.

And then we'll watch the bright half-moon—  
Slow-spinning in the sky.  
And trace the dark flight—all too soon—  
Of land-birds wheeling by.

Through all the night of stars we'll touch  
The quietude of things,  
And gain brief freedom from the clutch  
Of Life's encompassings.

## XVII

### MAGPIE

M A G P I E , lonely flying—  
What do you bring to me?  
Two for joy, and one for sorrow!  
Loved to-day, is lost to-morrow!  
Magpie, flying, flying—  
What have you brought to me?

## XVIII

### SILVER POINT

S H A R P against a sky of gray  
Pigeon's nest in naked tree;  
Every silver twig up-curled,  
Not a budding leaf unfurled,  
Nor a breath to fan the day!

World aspiring and severe,  
Not a hum of fly or bee,  
Not a song, and not a cry,  
Not a perfume stealing by;  
Stillest moment of the year!

## XIX

### AUTUMN

W H E N every leaf has different hue  
And flames of birch tree blow;  
And high against November blue  
The white cloud's bent in bow;

When buzzard hawk wheels in the Sun,  
And bracken crowns the cleave,  
And autumn stains the heather dun,  
And wan buds make believe;

When droning thresher hums its song  
And tale of harvest proves,  
And rusty steers the lane-ways throng,  
And gray birds flit in droves;

Then bird, and beast, and every tree  
And those few flowers that blow,  
Against the winter hearten me  
Who would no winter know!

## XX

### STREET LAMPS

L A M P S , lamps! Lamps ev'rywhere!  
You wistful, gay, and burning eyes,  
You stars low-driven from the skies  
Down on the rainy air.

You merchant eyes that never tire  
Of spying out our little ways,  
Of summing up our little days  
In ledgerings of fire—

Inscrutable your nightly glance,  
Your lighting and your snuffing out,  
Your flicker through the windy rout,  
Guiding this mazy dance.

O watchful, troubled gaze of gold,  
Protecting us upon our beats—  
You piteous glamour of the streets,  
Youthless, and never old!

## XXI

### GAULZERY MOOR

M O O R of my name, where the road leads high,  
Thro' heather and bracken gorse and grass,  
Up to the crown of the western sky  
A spying traveller, slow, I pass.  
Silent and lonely the darkening moor,  
The beasts are bedded, the birds are gone,  
Never a farm, nor a cottage door,  
And I on the road alone—alone;  
And the south-west wind is beginning to croon  
And a listening lonely pine tree sways;  
And behind it is hanging a golden moon  
For a resting sign at the cornerways.  
    A thousand years since the stranger came,  
    And homed him here; and gave me name.

## XXII

### THE MOOR GRAVE

I L I E out here under a heather sod,  
A moor-stone at my head; the moor-winds play above.  
I lie out here. . . . The graveyard of their God  
Was not for desperate me who died for love.  
I lie out here under the sun and moon;  
Across me ponies stride, the curlews cry.  
I have no tombstone screed, no : “ Soon  
To glory shall she rise ! ” But peace have I !



## XXIII

### DEVON TO ME!

W H E R E my fathers stood  
Watching the sea,  
Gale-spent herring boats  
Hugging the lea;  
There my Mother lives,  
Moorland and tree.  
Sight o' the blossom!  
Devon to me!

Where my fathers walked,  
Driving the plough;  
Whistled their hearts out—  
Who whistles now?  
There my Mother burns  
Fire faggots free.  
Scent o' the wood-smoke!  
Devon to me!

Where my fathers sleep,  
Turning to dust,  
This old body throw  
When die I must!

There my Mother calls,  
Wakeful is She!  
Sound o' the west-wind!  
Devon to me!

Where my fathers lie,  
When I am gone,  
Who need pity me  
Dead? Never one!  
There my Mother clasps  
Me. Let me be!  
Feel o' the red earth!  
Devon to me!

## XXIV

### COUNTING THE STARS

THE cuckoo bird has long gone home  
And owls instead and flitting jars  
Call out, call out for us to come,  
My Love and me, to count the stars;  
And into this wide orchard rove—  
The whispering trees scarce give us room,  
They drop their petals on my Love  
And me beneath the apple bloom.

And each pale petal is alive  
With dew of twilight from the sky,  
Where all the stars hang in their hive—  
Such scores to count, my Love and I!  
The boughs below, the boughs above,  
We scatter, lest their twisted gloom  
Should stay the counting of my Love  
And me beneath the apple bloom.

And when the Mother Moon comes by  
And puts the little stars to bed,  
We count, my timid Love and I,  
The pretty apple stars instead;

Until at last all lights remove,  
And dark sleep, dropping on the combe,  
Fastens the eyelids of my Love  
And me beneath the apple bloom.

## XXV

### LAND SONG OF THE WEST COUNTRY

THE lanes are long, and 'ome is far,  
But we'll go joggin', joggin' on.  
Up dimsy sky, 'ere comes a star,  
Over the bank the flowers peep  
To see if 'tis the time to sleep.  
But we'll go joggin' on.

The sunset's sinkin' down apace,  
But we'll go joggin', joggin' on.  
The land's all like a maiden's face,  
The more yü lüke the less yü see,  
'Tis all a müvin' mystery.  
And we'll go joggin' on.

The trout are risin' in the stream,  
We ford it, joggin', joggin' on.  
The mill-wheel's turnin' in a dream;  
The chafer's boomin' over'ead,  
And every lidd'l bird's in bed.  
And we go joggin' on.

The cottages are prayin' smoke,  
As we go joggin', joggin' on.  
The 'ayrick's bonneted a-poke;  
The beasts are chewin' at their ease  
The evenin' cud beneath the trees,  
As we go joggin' on.

There's many a teasin' drop o' rain  
As we go joggin', joggin' on.  
And many a brave while fine again.  
There's many a dip and many a rise,  
And many a smile o' dinky eyes.  
There's many a scent, and many a tüne,  
And over all the lidd'l müne,  
As we go joggin' on.

## XXVI

### VILLAGE SLEEP SONG

S L E E P! all who toil;  
No longer creaks the harvest wain,  
For sleeping lies the harvest day,  
Asleep the winding leafy lane  
Where none 's afoot to miss his way.

Sleep! village street,  
You've stared too long upon the sun;  
Now turn you to the gentle moon.  
Sleep, windows! for your work is done,  
To-morrow's light will come too soon!

Sleep! Sleep! The heat  
Is over in the darkened home.  
A night-jar 's spinning in the brake.  
And—hark!—the floating owls have come  
To try and keep the hours awake.

Sleep! honey hives!  
And swallow's flight, and thrushes' call!  
Sleep, tongues, a little, while you may,  
And let night's cool oblivion fall  
On all the gossip of the day.

Sleep! Men and wives,  
A sweetness of refreshment steal;  
The morning star can vigil keep;  
Too quickly turns the slumber wheel—  
And all you little children, sleep!



## XXVII

### WEMBURY CHURCH

H E R E stand I,  
Buttressed over the sea!  
Time and sky  
Take no toll from me.

To me, gray—  
Wind-gray, flung with foam—  
Ye that stray  
Wild-foot, come ye home!

Mother I—  
Mother I will be!  
Ere ye die,  
Hear! O sons at sea!

Shall I fall,  
Leave my flock of graves?  
Not for all  
Your rebelling waves!

I stand fast—  
Let the waters cry!  
Here I last  
To Eternity!

## XXVIII

### A MOOD

LOVE 's a flower, 'tis born and broken,  
Plucked apace—and hugged apart.  
Evening comes, it clings—poor token—  
Dead and dry, on lover's heart.

Love's the rhyme of a summer minute  
Woven close like hum of flies;  
Sob of wind, and meaning in it  
Dies away, as summer dies.

Love 's a shimmery morning bubble  
Puffed all gay from pipe of noon;  
Spun aloft on breath of trouble—  
Bursts in air—is gone—too soon!

## XXIX

### STRAW IN THE STREET

S T R A W in the street!  
My heart, oh! hearken—  
Fate thrums its song of sorrow!  
The windows darken . . .  
O God of all to-morrow!

Straw in the street!  
To wintry sleeping  
Turns all our summer laughter.  
The brooms are sweeping . . .  
There's naught for me hereafter!

## XXX

### PAST

THE clocks are chiming in my heart  
A cobweb chime ;  
Old murmurings of days that die,  
The sob of things a-drifting by.  
The clocks are chiming in my heart!

The stars have twinkled, and died out—  
Fair candles blown!  
The hot desires burn low, and gone  
To ash the fire that flamed anon.  
The stars have twinkled, and died out !

Old journeys travel in my head!  
My roaming time—  
Forgotten smiles of stranger friends,  
Sweet, weary miles, and sweeter ends.  
Old journeys travel in my head!

The leaves are dropping from my tree!  
Dead leaves and flown,  
The vine-leaf ghosts are round my brow;  
For ever frosts and winter now.  
The leaves are dropping from my tree!

## XXXI

### WIND

W I N D , wind—heather gipsy,  
Whistling in my tree!  
All the heart of me is tipsy  
On the sound of thee.  
Sweet with scent of clover  
Salt with breath of sea.  
Wind, wind—wayman lover,  
Whistling in my tree!

## XXXII

### ROSE AND YEW

L O V E flew by! Young wedding day,  
Peeping through her veil of dew,  
Saw him, and her heart went fey—  
His wings no shadows threw.

Love flew by! Young day was gone,  
Owls were hooting—Whoo-to-whooh!  
Happy-wedded lay alone,  
Who'd vowed that love was true.

\* \* \* \* \*

Love flies by, and drops a rose—  
Drops a rose, a sprig of yew!  
Happy these—but ah! for those  
Whose love has cried: Adieu!

### XXXIII

#### PROMENADE

A L L sweet and startled gravity,  
My Love comes walking from the Park;  
Her eyes are full of what they've seen—  
The little bushes puffing green,  
The candles pale that light the chestnut tree.

The tulip and the jonquil spies;  
The sunshine and the sudden dark;  
The dance of buds; and Madam Dove;  
Sir Blackbird fluting to his love—  
These little loves my Love has in her eyes.

In dainty shoes and subtle hose  
My Love comes walking from the Park,  
She is, I swear, the sweetest thing  
That ever left the heart of Spring,  
To tell the secret: Whence the pollen blows!

## XXXIV

### TO MY DOG

MY dear, when I leave you  
I always drop a bit of me—  
A holy glove or sainted shoe—  
Your wistful corse I leave it to,  
For all your soul has followed me.  
How could I have the stony heart  
So to abandon you!

My dear, when you leave me  
You drop no glove, no sainted shoe;  
And yet you know what humans be—  
Mere blocks of dull monstrosity—  
My spirit cannot follow you  
When you're away, with all its heart  
As yours can follow me.

My dear, since we must leave  
(One sorry day) I you, you me;  
I'll learn your wistful way to grieve;  
Then through the ages we'll retrieve  
Each other's scent and company;  
And longing shall not pull my heart—  
As now you pull my sleeve!



## XXXV

### “ THE BIRTH OF VENUS ”

T H E Spring wind fans her hair,  
And after her fly little waves,  
Her feet are shod in pearly shoen,  
And down her foam-white breast do shine  
A silver moisture and new-strewn  
Petals encarnadine.

Her eyes are deaths to care,  
Her eyes of love are tender caves.  
The blossoms blowing on the trees—  
The leafy Spring's enchanted stir—  
The humming of the golden bees—  
All are the voice of her!

## XXXVI

### REMINDER

E A C H star that rises and doth fade,  
Each bird that sings its song and sleeps,  
Each spark of spirit fire that leaps  
Within me—of One Flame are made!

## XXXVII

### VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

G O D , I am travelling out to death's sea,  
I, who exulted in sunshine and laughter,  
Thought not of dying—death is such waste of me!—  
Grant me one prayer: Doom not the hereafter  
Of mankind to war, as though I had died not—  
I, who in battle, my comrade's arm linking,  
Shouted and sang—life in my pulses hot  
Throbbing and dancing! Let not my sinking  
In dark be for naught, my death a vain thing!  
God, let me know it the end of man's fever!  
Make my last breath a bugle call, carrying  
Peace o'er the valleys and cold hills for ever!

## XXXVIII

### BREATH OF MAN

T H R O ' the green grass the whisper ran:  
" Death is coming with the breath of man!  
No life shall creep, no breeze shall rustle here!  
The fruit-trees shall be scythed, their blossom spilled,  
And Spring's dear promise to them unfulfilled!  
The sun no more unfurling leaves will see,  
But shine on witch-like reverie  
Of splinters charred toward the sky.  
Here, as each storm goes wheeling by,  
The rain will wet the stumps of death  
And water lifeless earth beneath."

\* \* \* \* \*

The birds have gathered—every wing  
All taut with panic of the thing  
Which creeps, with that fierce gasping, on—  
Till silence cries: " The birds are gone! "

## XXXIX

### PICARDY

W H E N the trees blossom again;  
When our spirits lighten—  
When in quick sun and rain  
Once more the green fields brighten;  
Each golden flower those fields among,  
The hum of thrifting bee,  
Will be the risen flower and song  
Of Youth's mortality.

When the birds flutter their wings;  
When our scars are healing—  
When the furry-footed things  
At night again are stealing;  
Then through the wheat each rippling wave,  
The fragrance of flower breath,  
Will bring a message from the grave,  
A whispered word from death.

When the sweet waters can flow;  
When the world's forgetting—  
When once more the cattle low  
At golden calm sun-setting;

Each peaceful evening's murmur, then,  
And sigh the waters give,  
Will tell immortal tale of men  
Who died that we might live.

## XL

### YOUTH'S OWN

O U T of the fields I see them pass,  
Youth's own battalion—  
Like moonlight ghosting over grass—  
To dark oblivion.

They have a wintry march to go—  
Bugle and fife and drum!  
With music, softer than the snow  
All flurrying, they come!

They have a bivouac to keep  
Out on a starry heath;  
To fling them down, and sleep and sleep  
Beyond reveilly—Death!

Since Youth has vanished from our eyes,  
Who, living, glad can be?  
Who will be grieving, when he dies  
And leaves this Calvary?

## XLI

### MERLE

T H E sea and sky are grey—  
As with the grief of those who've mourned;  
Yet through this drear December day  
A lonely merle to song has turned.

Brave bird, for you no fears!  
Though to the sun you're strange—as we,  
Across the waste of these last years  
Bereft of all hilarity.

Then, bird! be voice for all  
The sad who have forgotten song.  
Shake far that trilling lift and fall  
Of notes, and take our hearts along!



## XLII

### THE FRANCE FLOWER

I STROLL forth this flowery day  
Of "print frocks" and buds of may,  
And speedwells of tender blue  
Whom no sky can match for hue.

I love well my English home;  
Yet far thoughts do stealing come  
To throng me like honey-bees,  
Till far flowers my fancy sees.

'Tis almond against the snows,  
And gentian, and mountain rose,  
And iris in purple bright—  
The France flower, the flower of light.

## XLIII

### UNKNOWN

Y O U who had worked in perfect ways  
To turn the wheel of nights and days,  
Who coaxed to life each running rill  
And froze the snow-crown on the hill,  
The cold, the starry flocks who drove,  
And made the circling seasons move;  
How came your jesting purpose when  
You fashioned monkeys into men?

You who invented peacock's dress—  
You, Lord of cruel happiness!—  
Who improvised all flight and song  
And loved and killed the whole day long,  
And filled with colour to the brim  
The cup of your completed whim!  
What set you frolicking when we  
Were given power to feel and see?

Why not have kept the stellar plan  
Quite soulless and absolved from man?  
What heavy need to make this thing—  
A monkey with an angel's wing;

A murderous poor saint, who reaps  
His fields of death, and, seeing—weeps:  
No!—If the saffron day could sigh  
And sway *unconscious*—Why am I:

\* \* \* \* \*

Unknown! You slept one afternoon  
And dreamed, and turned, and woke too soon!  
The sorrel glowed, and the bees hummed,  
And Mother Nature's fingers strummed,  
And flock of dandelion was blown,  
And the yew-trees cast their shadows down.  
Such beauty seemed to you forlorn—  
And lo!—this playboy, Man, was born!

## XLIV

### THE BELLS OF PEACE

L I L I E S are here, tall in the garden bed,  
And on the moor are still the buds of May;  
Roses are here—and, tolling for our dead,  
The Bells of Peace make summer holiday.

And do *they* hear, who in their springtime went?  
The young, the brave young, leaving all behind,  
All of their home, love, laughter and content,  
The village sweetness and the western wind.

Leaving the quiet trees and the cattle red,  
The southern soft mist over granite tor—  
Whispered from life, by secret valour led  
To face the horror that their souls abhor.

Here in the starlight to the owl's "To-Whoo!"  
They wandered once; they wander still, maybe,  
Dreaming of home, clinging the long night thro'  
To sound and sight fastened in memory.

Here in the sunlight and the bracken green—  
Wild happy roses starring every lane—  
Eager to reach the good that might have been,  
They *were* at peace. Are they at peace again?

Bells of remembrance, on this summer's eve  
Of our relief, Peace and Goodwill ring in!  
Ring out the Past, and let not Hate bereave  
Our dreaming dead of all they died to win!

## XLV

### DESERT SONG

W H E N I came on from Santa Fé,  
The desert road by night and day,  
The desert wilds ran far and free  
Beneath the wind of desert sea.

But—ah! my heart!—to know again  
The scent of rain, the scent of rain!

And I'd in fancy scale the air  
Beyond those yellow mountains bare,  
And so with dizzy bird survey  
A thousand miles of shining day.  
And I would glean the gold of sun  
And mark his curving glory run  
Its fiery course, and eager turn  
My cheek and pallid brow to burn.

But—oh! my heart!—to feel again  
The wet of rain, the wet of rain!

And wakeful all the night I'd lie  
And watch the dark infinity,

And count the stars that wheel and spin,  
And drink the frosty ether in;  
And I would hear the desert song  
That silence sings the whole night long,  
And day by day the whisper pass  
Of parching heat through desert grass.

But—oh! my heart!—to hear again  
The drip of rain, the drip of rain!

When I rode on from Santa Fé,  
That desert road by night and day,  
There came at last a little sigh,  
A puff of white across the sky.

And—ah! my heart!—I knew again  
The scent of rain, the scent of rain!

## XLVI

### SAN YSIDRO

T H E Spaniard-christened Isles  
Lie out in summer's glow;  
High on a live-oak tree  
A bird sits still; below  
A chipmunk plays; the sea  
In southern beauty smiles.

This far enchanted shore,  
Like to a wistful dream  
Lulling the heart of man,  
The face of truth might seem—  
God resting—but His plan  
He changes evermore.



## XLVII

### AT SUNSET

I'VE seen the moon, with lifted wing—  
A white hawk—over a cypress tree;  
The lover's star, the bloom of Spring,  
And evening folded on Tennessee.

I've seen the little streams run down—  
All smoke-blue, lost in faerie;  
And, far, the violet mountains crown  
The darkness breathing on Tennessee.

I've seen the Beautiful, so clear—  
And it has gone to the heart of me—  
So there'll be magic ever near  
To me, remembering Tennessee.

## XLVIII

### DREAM HOUSE

D O W N on our house good shelter falls  
From those high neighbouring white walls,  
And here it dreams among its flowers  
And bushes bright with summer showers.

Its creepered brick soaks up the smile  
Of noon and afternoon, the while  
The bees go tunnelling the deep  
Dim lily bells that sway and sleep.

The day slips on, and sun's hot eye  
Cools in the lime trees, down the sky.  
'Tis twilight now, the birds refrain  
From song, and all is still again.

Now night creeps over, distance hides;  
The white house—a tall iceberg—rides;  
A chafer breaks the darkened swoon,  
And white wide roses scan the moon.

## XLIX

### MOUNTAIN AIR

T E L L me of Progress if you will,  
But give me sunshine on a hill—  
The grey rocks spiring to the blue,  
The scent of larches, pinks, and dew,  
And summer sighing in the trees,  
And snowy breath on every breeze.  
Take towns and all that you'll find there,  
And leave me sun and mountain air!

## L

### TO BEAUTY

BEAUTY on your wings—flying the far blue,  
Flower of man's heart whom no God made;  
Star, leaf-breath, and gliding shadow,  
Fly with me, too, awhile!

Bring me knowledge:  
How the pansies are made, and the cuckoos' song!  
And the little owls, grey in the evening, three on a  
gate;  
The gold-cups a-field, the flight of the swallow ;  
The eyes of the cow who has calved;  
The wind passing from ash-tree to ash-tree!

For thee shall I never cease aching?  
Do the gnats ache that dance in the sun?  
Do the flowers ache, or the bees rifling their gold?  
Is it I only who ache?  
Beauty! Fulfil me! Cool the heart of my desire!





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